



Gang Starr Lyrics

"You Know My Steez"

[Guru]

That makes me know that, we we we we're doin
We had the right idea in the beginning
And and we just need to maintain our focus, and elevate
We what we do we update our formulas
We have certain formulas but we update em (oh right)
with the times, and everything y'know
And and so.. y'know
The rhyme style is elevated
The style of beats is elevated
but it's still Guru and Premier
And it's always a message involved

"The real... hip-hop"

"MCing, and DJing.. from your own mind, ya know?"
"I, I guess right now we should start the show"

[Guru]

Who's the suspicious character strapped with the sounds profound
Similar to rounds spit by Derringers
You're in the Terrordome like my man Chuck D said
It's time to dethrone you clones, and all you knuckleheads
Cause MC's have used up extended warranties
While real MC's and DJ's are a minority
But right about now, I use my authority
Cause I'm like the Wizard and you look lost like Dorothy
The horror be when I return for my real people
Words that split wigs hittin like some double Desert Eagles
Sportin caps pulled low, and baggy slacks
Subtractin all the rappers who lack, over Premier's tracks
Severe facts have brought this rap game to near collapse
So as I have in the past, I whup ass
Droppin lyrics that be hotter than sex and candlewax
And one-dimensional MC's can't handle that
While the world's revolvin, on it's axis
I come with mad love and plus the illest warlike tactics
The wilderness is filled with this; so many people
searching for false lift, I'm here with the skills you've missed
The rejected stone is now the cornerstone
Sort of like the master builder when I make my way home
You know my steez...

[Method Man] "You know my steez"

"Let em know, do your thing y'all" "Keep it live"

[Flavor Flav] "To the beat y'all"

The beat is sinister, Primo makes you relax

I'm like the minister, when I be lacin the wax
I be bringin salvation through the way that I rap
And you know, and I know, I'm nice like that
Work through worldly problems, I got the healing power
When the mic's within my reach, I'm feelin more power
Stealing at least three minutes of every rap radio hour
It's often easier for one, to give advice
Than it is for a person to run one's own life
That's why I can't be caught up in all the hype
I keep my soul tight and let these lines takes flight
The apparatus gets blessed, and suckers get put to rest
No more of the unpure I got the cure for this mess
The wackness is spreadin like the plague
MC's lucked up and got paid but still can't make the fuckin grade
How many times are wannabe's gonna lie?
Yo they must wanna fry, they can't touch the knowledge I personify
I travel through the darkness carrying my torch
The illest soldier, when I'm holding down the fort
([Method Man] "You know my steez")
You know my steez...

"Let em know, do your thing y'all" "Keep it live"
[Method Man] "You know my steez"
[repeat x4 with very last line modified as follows]
"The mic..."

On the microphone you know that I'm one of the best yet
Some punks, ain't paid all of their debts yet
Tryin to be fly, ridin high on the jet-set
With juvenile rhymes makin fake-ass death threats
Big deal, like En Vogue, here's something you can feel
Styles more tangible, and image more real
For some time now, I've held the scrolls and manuscripts
When it's time to go all out you be like, "Damn he flipped"
Now I'm sick, fed up with the bullshit
Got the lyrical full clip, giving you a verbal asswhip
Don't trip it's the gifted prolific one
Known as Bald Head Slick -- why is the press all on my di-dick?
My style be wilder, than a kamikaze pilot
Don't try it, I'm about to start more than a friggin riot
Styles unsurpassable, and nuccas that's suckas, yo
Them motherfuckers are harrassable
For I be speaking from my parables and carry you beyond
The mic's either a magic wand
Or it gets tragic like the havoc of a nuclear bomb
Then I grab your palm, no pulse you're gone
And if you thought we'd lose our niche in this rap shit you way wrong
I stay up, I stay on, shine bright, like neon
Your song's, pathetic, synthetic, like Rayon
Fat beats, they play on, want dope rhymes, put me on
Word is bond... you know my steez

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Robbin Hood Theory"

[Intro features Elijah Shabazz from Muhammad Mosque No. 7]

Peace Brother Elijah
Hey peace Guru, how you doin?
I'm maintainin
Just been thinkin though man
about the situation for today's youth man, the seeds man
What's your opinion on that?
Mmm that's strange I was thinkin the same thing
Somethin I read in the holy Qu'r'an how it says
"Has thou seen him who belies religion?
That is one who is rough, to the orphan."
And no matter what we say our religion is
whether it's Islam, Christianity
Juddaism, Buddha-ism, Old School-ism or New School-ism
If we're not schoolin the youth WITH wisdom
then the sins of the father will visit the children
And that's not keepin it real...
that's keepin it - WRONG

[Chorus: Guru]

Now that we're gettin somewhere, you know we got to give back
For the youth is the future no doubt that's right and exact
Squeeze the juice out, of all the suckers power
And pour some back out, so as to water the flowers
This world is ours, that's why the demons are leary
It's our inheritance; this is my Robbin Hood Theory... Robbin Hood Theory

[Verse 1: Guru]

I seek Sun, deceive none, for each one must teach one
At least one must flow and show the structure, of freedom
It's me Dunn, cause petty things we don't need 'em
Let's focus to create somethin great, for all that sees them
They innocent, they know not what they face
while politicians save face genius minds lay to waste
If I wasn't kickin rhymes I'd be kickin down doors
Creatin social change and defendin the poor
The God's always been militant, and ready for war
We're gonna snatch up the ringleaders send em home in they drawers
But first where's the safe at? Let's make em show us
and tell em hurry up, give up the loot that they owe us
We bringin it back, around the way to our peeps
Cause times are way too deep, we know the Code of the Streets
Meet your defeat; this is my Robbin Hood Theory... my Robbin Hood Theory

[Verse 2: Guru]

I floss my rhymes like dentals, my mental's presidential
from the wild ghetto districts to the plush resedential

Essential, would be the message that I send you
I meant to, elevate at every venue
Pops told me to pursue what is true, and nothing other
And nowadays I pave the way for troops of my young brothers
Necessary by all means, sort of like Malcolm
Before it's too late; I create, the best outcome
So I take this opportunity, yes to ruin the
Devilish forces fuckin up my black community
And we ain't doin no more interviews
til we get paid out the frame, like motherfuckin Donahue
We're taking over radio, and wack media
Cause systematically they gettin greedier and greedier
Conquering turfs with my ill organization
Takin out the man while we scan the information
You wanna rhyme you best to wait son
You can't even come near, if you ain't got our share
You front on us this year, consider yourself blown out of here
Yeah... by my Robbin Hood Theory

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Guru]
God is Universal, he is the Ruler Universal
For those who can't follow that spells GURU when in my circle
I see all sides of my culture...
Design my thoughts like a sculpture
And chumps they wanna get with me cause I'm another entity
I'm sent to be, leadin the army of the century
Mention me, and snakes will retreat, eventually...
... due to my Robbin Hood Theory

[Chorus]

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Work"

(from "Caught Up" soundtrack)

Are you working?
What kind of work do you do?

Uhh...

("Boy, what is it you want to do when you grow up?)

Aiyyo I'm gonna be on ti-dop, that's all my eyes can see
Victory is mine, yeah surprisingly
I've been laying, waiting for your next mistake
I put in work, and watch my status escalate

Now I'ma start collectin props, connectin plots
networkin like a conference, cause the nonsense is yet to stop
Jakes shake me down, haters wanna take me down
Break me down, CLAP all they heard was the sound
Yo I scoped it out, I took your weak dream and choked it out
Your bitch don't really got no ass, she just poked it out
on the deelow, I'm sayin, you versus me though?
We can do this shit right here, in front of your people
See time is money kid, and BS walks
And to me, it's funny kid when you meet heads talk
I see Feds stalk, they wanna dig up the dirt
Son is it me they hawk, cause I be puttin in work Son?

Aiyyo I'm gonna be on ti-dop, that's all my eyes can see
Victory is mine, yeah surprisingly
I've been laying, waiting for your next mistake
I put in work, and watch my status escalate

You cornballs get stonewalled, blackballed I own y'all
The veteran, runnin my plan I'm the better man
Crazy raw, doin my job like the mob
Blazin y'all, and disappearin in the fog
or a mist, and chicks can't resist what I kick
They be beggin for attention or some more of the dillznick
Word up baby, someone may have to get hurt up baby
Shit is mad shady, but I got to get the gravy
Platinum respect like the force of a tech
keep you hittin the deck, feelin heat in your chest
Bangin your thoughts with the hot onslaught
A kid got shot on the spot for goin where he should not
Viciously, I make history, instantly
Those other lame ass loser ass niggaz, they can't fuck with me
I'm doin my thing now, to lamp later on
Paid in the shade, with some fly gators on
But now I'm grimy as they get, mud on my pants and shirt

I bet you niggaz out here know, I be puttin in work

Aiyyo I'm gonna be on ti-dop, that's all my eyes can see
Victory is mine, yeah surprisingly
I've been laying, waiting for your next mistake
I put in work, and watch my status escalate

[DJ Premier cuts and scratches] "For the qualified pros"

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Royalty"

(feat. K-Ci and JoJo)

[Greg Nice] "Gangstarr has gotta be the sure shot"

"and it's like dat" [Primo scratching]

"GangStarr" "Represent"

[K-Ci and JoJo] Ohhh yeah

[Guru]

One of the meanest and the cleanest

And still I'm kind of feindish when I'm at this

Been doin this for eons, peons best to catch this

vision of excellence, precise rappin ability

Bout to make some dead presidents, macking a million G

The money though, it's got people actin funny yo

As soon as some niggaz get some light, they be like dummies yo

Products and puppets and pawns, gettin played out

When authentic niggaz step up, respect be layed out

Major effect to your sector, I'm the corrector

Live and direct, waving my mic like a scepter

Supreme exalted, universal leader

Descendent of the kings and queens, the overseer

The overlord, cream of the crop, creme de la creme

Spent years buildin with cats in the streets, so they my men

Again, GangStarr has done it

Remember too much jewels back in the days? You'd have to run it

Check it, the ground be hot under our feet

So we be listening to beats to keep the cypher complete

Wether you kids be holdin, on the block all day

Or you be puffing lye, out in the back hallway

Or whether you being schooled, or in the library

Wherever you are Baby Pah, realize that your essence

is divine son, and let it shine son

As we refine son, aiyyo, this shit'll blow your mind son

We're royalty

[Chorus: K-Ci and JoJo]

Wherever I go

I want to take nothin less than the best

Whatever I choose, I choose to do

I have to stand out from all the rest

Whatever I do, wherever I go

I want to take nothin less than the best

Whatever I choose, I choose to do

I just wanna stand out from all the rest

[Guru]

And all the girls they want to spoil me
My honey annoits me with oils G
After work she greets me, and treats me like royalty
Works with me, giving herself, by my side
She don't sweat me for loot, my fame, or my ride
A lot of ladies out there, be lookin lovely
But they don't got no control of the their life, inside they're ugly
Word to Bugsy, and to Red Alert
Sway and Tech, and Funkmaster Flex to make your head jerk
Chicks go beserk when they see us in the spot
K-Ci, JoJo and Primo, creepin to the top
And to the sweethearts out there breaking hearts
While we're takin part of this hip-hop art
Listen yo, the best way, it ain't always the fast way
And yes the best way, it ain't always to act nasty
I'll open up the door always before you pass me
Baby Doll, because you're royalty

[Chorus: K-Ci and JoJo]

Whatever I do, Wherever I go
I want to take nothin less than the best
Whatever I choose, I choose to do
I have to stand out from all the rest
Whatever I do, wherever I go
I want to take nothin less than the best
Whatever I choose, I choose to do
I just wanna stand out from all the rest

[Greg Nice] "GangStarr has to gots to be the sure shot"

"and it's like dat" [Primo scratching]

[x4]

[K-Ci and JoJo freestyle singing]

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Above The Clouds"

(feat. Inspectah Deck)

"It has come to our attention that a mysterious force is LOOSE..somewhere in outer space."

"The mysteries of creation are there."

"Up in the sky?" "Up in the sky."

[John F. Kennedy] "The moon and the planets are there.
And new hopes for knowledge and peace are there.
And therefore as we set sail; we ask God's blessing -
on the most hazardous, and dangerous, and greatest adventure
of which man has ever embarked."

"Prepared for liftoff."

[Guru]

I Self Lord And Master, shall bring disaster to evil factors
Demonic chapters, shall be captured by Kings
Through the storms of days after
Unto the Earth from the Sun through triple darkness to blast ya
with a force that can't be compared
to any firepower, for it's mindpower shared
The brainwake, causes vessels to circulate
like constellations reflect at night off the lake
Word to the father, and Mother Earth
Seeking everlasting life through this Hell for what it's worth
Look listen and observe
and watch another C-Cypher pullin my peeps to the curb
Heed the words; it's like ghetto style proverbs
The righteous pay a sacrifice to get what they deserve
Cannot afford to be confined to a cell
Brainwaves swell, turnin a desert to a well
Experience the best teacher; thoughts will spray
like street sweepers Little Daddy street preacher
Illustrious feature, narrator you select
Accompanied by Deck plus the DJ you respect
The seven and a half combine, over the frontline
The ten percenters, promotin slander in the airtime
Bear in mind jewels be the tools of the trade
Sharp veins heavenly praise and dues are paid

[Chorus: Guru]

Above the crowds, above the clouds where the sounds are original
Infinite skills create miracles
Warrior spiritual -- above the clouds
reigning/raining down, holdin it down

[Inspectah Deck]

Yeah; I leave scientists mentally scarred, triple extra large
Wild like rock stars who smash guitars
Poison bars from the Gods bust holes in your mirage
and catch a charge shake em down like the riot squad
Invade your zone, ruin like ancient Rome
I span the universe and return to Earth to claim my throne
The maker, owner, plus soul controller
Ayatollah rest in the sky, the cloud's my sofa
Stand like Colossus, regardless to whom or what
Numerous attempts at my life, so who to trust
Who but us, to supply you with the fire?
The burning truth, 150 Absolut proof
On the mic like Moses spoke in golden scribe
Survivor of the oldest tribe whose soldiers died
I notified families, we shed tears and more
but our hands are the ammo cause the battle's still on
Sound the horn; we come rumblin through the function
Precise laser beam technique to touch somethin
When we die hard, to build the monument to honor us with
Humungous effect in the world - we could have conquered it

[Chorus x2]

Gang Starr Lyrics

"JFK 2 LAX"

Yo
Yo Premier?
Yeah whassup G?
That trip to L.A., may be delayed
Why whassup I'm on my way to the airport now
Yeah well your boy Guru got knocked
WHAT?!
I don't know what this is about, sounds crazy man
Somethin about a gun

"The court calls Keith Elam to the stand.
Please approach the bench."

[Guru]

Yo they got me handcuffed, I'm down in central booking
Things are fucked up, the way my future's looking
But I'm too fly, I'ma change this scenario
Make some power moves and tighten up my bankroll
Chumps are leary though, they see me as a threat
I'm like the black Dutch Schultz when you get me upset
Five-oh makes me wanna flip, Larry Davis style
Got a nigga depressed, while he's awaitin trial
It's OK though, cause from grey skies comes blue
Through darkness comes light and I be known as the Guru
And this I certify we all should be alerted by
the traps within the system, our youth is gettin murdered by
the D.A. says they got me on a felony
I'm tryin to live my life, so what the fuck is you tellin me?
The streets are war, that's what brothers carry weapons for
And I take the weight as I did before
The next thing you know, they got me on the radio
A rapper arrested, suckers showin me on video
Of course I know, that I'm a role model
But yo this rap life is real life sometimes it's full throttle
Right now I gotta think about me fuck the industry
You gets no love, except those who support me
What's the story, what happened when I went to L.A.?
Mixin shit up, no not there I got family
Nothin happened, mind your business yo step
You know we connect, JFK 2 LAX

[Chorus: Guru]

They wanna lock us all up, and throw away the key
Don't wanna see us come up, don't wanna see us makin G's
Long as we know this is the key to our destruction
Let's make moves no discussion

[Guru]

Peace to my man Hass, and Orange Man payin the cost
All the twenty-five to lifers all my brothers gettin tossed
 into the system, supposed to rehabilitate
It's why you gotta regulate your own mindstate
Read, study lessons and build your inner power
 The next level, doesn't tolerate cowards
 For example, I know this rich Nigerian
 Powerful American that's proud to be an African
He asked me why do all us brothers be gettin trapped
 I told him I'd explain it broke it down in a rap
 Whether you got naps, braids waves or no hair
Without esteem for yourself nigga, you goin nowhere
And you can swagger like you rule this; Josey Wales
 unorganized revolt almost always mostly fails
 Give up the savage ways, be effective soldiers
 To elevate the mental is to be poor no more
There's war in the streets, prepared men know best
 Our rhyme as live as it gets, JFK 2 LAX
They're always makin trouble yo, against the righteous
 Killin us in cold blood, those beats those vipers
 And as I sit feelin the pain in my wrist
 I vow to myself that I'ma change this shit
 Or at least I gotta try, or part of me will die
 And only by action will any ideas solidify
 So I inhale, exhale as I ponder
 This grown man will make mistakes no longer
I've been there, I've seen how they make us fall victim
 to their tricknowledgy, with no apology I diss em
 And so I rip facts to dope tracks I caress
 You're gonna hear about it, from JFK 2 LAX

[plane lands]

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Itz A Set Up"

(feat. Hannibal)

[scratched by DJ Premier] "We got news for ya"

[Chorus: Guru and Hannibal]

[Guru] While they devise our demise, we grow wise

[Hann] Upset the set up, the element of surprise

[both] IT'Z A SET UP

[Guru] It's time to upset the set up

[Verse 1: Guru]

Though they conspire, fake us to make us retire

With the burning desire we make it out of the crossfire

Thoughts are higher, elevating and focused

while the path is narrow, for those like us

Primo beats provoke us to meditate like Zen

With the will and the strength, of a million men

While they introspect, where nothing is met

It's been that way for a while so much has come and then went

But I'm confident, a few, are due to redeem

their respective kingdoms, with an abundance of cream

So if I were to scheme, it would be on a realer dream

Like formin effective teams to filter the smokescreens

You totin in jeans, don't even know the true envy

The man I'm pickin apart, and plus they both were friends to me

Past trivial pursuits like East and West coast feuds

Come against me on the mic, many and most will lose

Like most dudes, I love this hip-hop, and this rap stuff

But I don't like the shows, where the ignorant act up

While some'll be rippin it, they be in the crowd wildin

Flippin on kids, for the chains and medallions

Or the kid they don't like, from a beef from way back

And decide that's the night, perfect time for payback

It's wack for the group, plus the others who came

to see a fat ass show, instead there's bullets aflame

[Chorus]

[Verse 2: Hannibal]

Still waters run deep this is leagues in depth

Quiet as kept they slept we crept

Society puts the squeeze on MC's like iron grips of death

From here on in peace and blessings long cherish your breath

Gifted and Rhyme U now how we do, stay true

Follow through lay down the law, cause it's probable and overdue

All systems overdue, my guns know me

I only hold a few my nigga for only a few hold me

Never forget the ones before me, my momma told me
sacrifice for the ones behind me leadin the seeds
Blind leads, black on black, crime to me
Inclined to refine my creed I eat thinkin lead
Conceive to make the beast bleed, enhance thoughts
like tossed trees 'cross the Earth three-fourths
Let my offspring feed all three, corpus delectis cost me
Lost and found on enemy ground, quoted although
they don't know how we get down at sound speed we breed
Mo more confined to blind greed and self destructive deeds
Heed my freedom war cry, of course I'm N.Y.
Hug my peeps that died, the loved ones alive
Reinforce and fly high as I lie so shall I
from New I to Cali next plateau U.N.I.versal
Unleash the black rain
Show em who in control, electro-magnetic
pull on the hole, ill as toters bang out
Til we sittin on swole the strongest way to grow
The only way I know, Underground Railroad on track
No physical or mental chain can shackle that

[answering machine messages]

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Moment Of Truth"

No matter what we face
We must face the moment of truth, baby

[Guru:]

They say it's lonely at the top, in whatever you do
You always gotta watch motherfuckers around you
Nobody's invincible, no plan is foolproof
We all must meet our moment of truth

[Guru:]

The same sheisty cats that you hang with, and do your thang with
Could set you up and wet you up, nigga peep the language
It's universal, you play with fire it may hurt you
Or burn you, lessons are blessings you should learn through
Let's face facts, although MCs lace tracks
It doesn't mean behind the scenes there ain't no dirt to trace back
That goes for all of us, there ain't nobody to trust
It's like sabotage, it's got me ready to bust
But I can't jeopardize, what I have done up to this point
So I'ma get more guys, to help me run the whole joint
Cultivate, multiply, motivate, or else we'll die
You know I be the master of the who what where and why
See when you're shining, some chumps'll wanna dull ya
Always selfish jealous punks, will wanna pull ya
Down, just like some shellfish in a bucket
Cause they love it, to see your ass squirm like a worm
But just as you'll receive what is coming to you
Everybody else is gonna get theirs too
I ain't no saint, therefore I cannot dispute
That everyone must meet their moment of truth

[Guru:]

Actions have reactions, don't be quick to judge
You may not know the hardships people don't speak of
It's best to step back, and observe with couth
For we all must meet our moment of truth

[Guru:]

Sometimes you gotta dig deep, when problems come near
Don't fear things get severe for everybody everywhere
Why do bad things happen, to good people?
Seems that life is just a constant war between good and evil
The situation that I'm facing, is mad amazing
To think such problems can arise from minor confrontations
Now I'm contemplating in my bedroom pacing
Dark clouds over my head, my heart's racing
Suicide? Nah, I'm not a foolish guy

Don't even feel like drinking, or even getting high
Cause all that's gonna do really, is accelerate
The anxieties that I wish I could alleviate
But wait, I've been through a whole lot of other shit, before
So I oughta be able, to withstand some more
But I'm sweating though, my eyes are turning red and yo
I'm ready to lose my mind but instead I use my mind
I put down the knife, and take the bullets out my nine
My only crime, was that I'm too damn kind
And now some skanless motherfuckers wanna take what's mine
But they can't take the respect, that I've earned in my lifetime
And you know they'll never stop the furious force of my rhymes
So like they say, every dog has its day
And like they say, God works in a mysterious way
So I pray, remembering the days of my youth
As I prepare to meet my moment of truth

[From Who's Gonna Take the Weight?:]
"You should know the truth and the truth shall set you free"

[Guru:]
Yo I got one lyric pointed at your head for start
Another one, is pointed at your weak ass heart
Now if I pull the trigger, on these fully loaded lines
You're gonna wish I woulda pulled a black nine, I mack dimes
Crack the spines of the fake gangsters
Yeah the biting trifling niggas, and the studio pranksters
Yo looking at the situation plainly: will you remain G?
Or will you be looked upon strangely?
I reign as the articulator, with the greater data
Revolving on the TASCAM much doper than my last jam
While others struggle to juggle, tricky metaphors
I explore more, to expose the core
A lot of MCs, act stupid to me
And we have yet to see, if they can match our longevity
But anyway it's just another day
Another fake jack I slay with my spectac' rap display
Styles, smooth but rugged -- you can't push or shove it
You dig it and you dug it cause like money you love it
The king of monotone, with my own throne
Righteously violent prone my words bring winds like cyclones
Storming your hideout, blocking out your sunlight
Your image and your business, were truly not done right
Throw up your he-Allah-I now, divine saviors
You got no hand skills there's no security to save ya
No pager, no celly, no drop top Benz-y
I came to bring your phony hip-hop to an ending
My art of war will leave you sore from the abuse
Cause you must meet your moment of truth

[Guru:]
They say it's lonely at the top, in whatever you do
You always gotta watch motherfuckers around you

No one is untouchable, no man is bulletproof.
We all must meet our moment of truth

Gang Starr Lyrics

"B.I. Vs Friendship"

(feat. M.O.P.)

[GangStarr's "Who's Gonna Take the Weight?" plays in the background]

[*Guru*]

It's like, a friendship, and a business partnership
And, we have to always be concious of the difference
between em; because y'know, some things can happen
that'll ruin one or the other, so
we alwa-we always stay concious of those things
Those obstacles that can, y'know trip us up
because we ain't trying to go out like that

[*Primo scratching fades in gradually*]

"friends" "business" [x3]

ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHRAHHAHHH!!!
C'mon! Motherfucker! Yeah! ...
GangStarr! GangStarr! M.O.P.
Ghetto people!

[*Guru*]

Son you're supposed to be my man, but you ain't wise enough to realize
this is B.I., see I wanna taste the whole cake
Some things in this industry, shit be so fake
Make no mistake, if you're my man you'd understand
about the plan, to stack hundreds of grands (That's right!)
And how to stand, on much more acres of land
And to expand from the days of goin hand to hand
So like I was CEO I do my thing son
and turn this underground rap thing to my kingdom
Release a fistful, of rhymes for the fiscal year
MC's are wishful fuckin with this here
They stuck with the tear, for fear they foresake a brother's love
it's clear -- I'd have to be the better man I'm thinkin
The 7th Letter Man ain't got no time for petty speakin (uhh)
So we go our seperate ways I see the fork in the road
I know I blessed you with a portion of gold
and some good fortune to hold, so KEEP THAT
while I keep it movin, just like truckloads
of interstate cargo, taxin niggaz like U.S. embargoes
You my man like I said so all the best
You shoulda known we do shit differently than all of the rest
Can't afford to let a link be, loose in the chain
It's time for us to get mad more, juice in the game
You're buggin son (that's right) that's word to Billy and Fame
So I'ma stay the game, that we play to win (Yeah!)
So I don't care what you say to her or say to him

The object son, is to excel and lead
And niggaz be bluffin fallin for nothin but greed

[Chorus: M.O.P. and Guru]

[M.O.P.] If it's animosity
[Guru] Let me know
[M.O.P.] If you plottin to stop my dough
[Lil' Fame] Time to go!
[M.O.P.] GangStarr, M.O.P. nigga
[Billy Danze] Tryin to blow!
[M.O.P.] If you my man you could understand!
[x2]

[Lil' Fame]
I'm true to myself y'all, and I'm a down ass nigga!
So don't fool yourself, clown ass nigga!
I always been the type of cat that'll put it on ya
since back in the days when Laze snatched me off the corner
And every since then, the whole game changed
Everybody's against, Lil' ass Fame
They wanna see me stretched out with my back smokin
Left for dead in the street with my back opened
So I don't keep friends I just roll with
niggaz I was RAISED WITH, went out in a BLAZE WITH
In the penile, to B.ville, down to Grayson
And we thick together, in these last days kid
So I don't have what you call friends
cause when it's on then they gone in the end!
But I'ma handle my business indeed
Cause niggaz be bluffin fallin for nothin but greed!

[Chorus]

[Billy Danze]
Hey yo what happened to the love soldier? It never crossed my mind
that you would doubt my love inside and test my pride
I divide, anything that I got
with my M.O.P. staff -- WE ALL AND WE OUT!
To the First Family loyalty, is no game
We them type of niggaz that, money won't change
We all aim, for the big picture
but to me it don't mean shit if your dogs ain't witcha
I sacrifice my main arteries -- WHY NIGGA?!

Ain't nobody never loved me, like my niggaz
See my business is my friendship and my friendship is my business
Can I get a witness?! (Preach on nigga!)

Hey yo we went through all out wars, half-assed tours
Travelled 'cross this land with heavy contraband
(See you my man!) And you ain't never got to
second guess or question the love of William Danze (Sho' nuff!)

I am invaluable, to my niggaz
cause they all rest there in thirty-two -- BETTER THAN NOTHIN!

Think of William when they start bustin, I hold you down
(When them body parts pop up cousin) I'll be around!

"friends" "business" *[repeat x6 to fade]*

Gang Starr Lyrics

"The Militia"

(feat. Big Shug, Freddie Foxxx)

"There's a bulletin - state police, Princeton Junction"

"The militia...
Certain individuals of unidentified nature
is now under complete control"

"Hip-hop is not, what it is today.."

"It's the real [echoes]... it's the (militia)"

[Verse 1: Big Shug]

If heads only knew how I felt about the rap game
They'd relocate, and change their fuckin name
I eradicate movefakers, roll with coat shakers
Give dap to mad money makers
Shared cells with lifetakers, have sex with rumpshakers
I make moves so I'ma earthquaker
I've been known to instill fear
Although the world may be round, we still trapped in the square
City light, got me buggin and trife
Some die by the gun, some die by the knife
It's alright, like a game of spades I'm trump tight
Premier hit me with music to ensure that it thump right
And my flight, will be taken solely at night
Cause that's when the freaks come out, no doubt
And in the dark hours is when I will shower
with the knowledge of my trade to get paid
Still I make moves like a snake in the grass, roundabout
I be dickin it down while you be assed out
Puff mad L's but never passed out
And if I'm caught up in a jam I blast my way out
There'll be no lettin up, just straight shuttin up
or we'll start the wettin up
Lyrical infrared scepter never miss you
Big Shug, Guru, Freddie Foxxx, The Militia, militia

[Chorus: Freddie Foxxx]

Everybody's spittin it, the rhyme is hot
Cause it's Big Shug, Guru, and Freddie the Foxxx
When Premier bring the beats, no it just don't stop
It's The Militia *echoes*

[Chorus]

[Verse 2: Guru]

Yo; I ain't one to succumb to no man, but to command

And scoop up the troops when it's time to take a stand
Emphatically, deep strategies leave casualties
I creep gradually, til everybody knows
that I got more flows than Rosebud got hoes
The anger inside had me trapped
til I got geared up with raps to tear you up like big gats
for big stacks, watch your back when I send em in
Caught you tremblin, my name and face you're rememberin
Several attempts, but nah bitch, you'll never win
Rhymes pierce your skin or maybe limbs we'll be severin
Take you to the mat, peep that, you should keep back
My ill-kid format will lay you flat like a doormat
that I walk on, I meditate while you talk on
And gossip, so I drop my hot shit; fully loaded glock clips
So get the fuck out my block, kid
As nights turn to days, days go back to nights, we be speaking it right
And keeping it tight up in the street life
I meet life, head on, no holds barred
Born with a heart of gold, now mostly cold and scarred
En guard, choose your weapon, or get to steppin
Lyrical bullets make you dance from the trance you be kept in
Assessments are made before, and during combat
I master my hunger, blow the spot when I bomb cats
One of us, equals many of us
Disrespect one of us, you'll see plenty of us
Conflict, is what I predict
You and your fellas is mad jealous, attempting to flare
We cleverly stalked ya, your fam'll miss ya
The war's on, that's why we formed The Militia

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Freddie Foxxx]
You niggaz owe me for my rhymes, I come to collect
For you dope fiend niggaz in rap, I here to inject, check
My style is water baby, spread it around
But when you niggaz don't flow it right and fuck up my sound
I get down; in '89 I spit the buck in the face
of every MC that came in the place, a scar you'll never erase
MC's are only recognized for their flows
I'm worldwide for the bitches, that I turned into hoes
You heard me spit it on Jew-elz, that's how it goes
For all them faking ass niggaz and how I bust up they nose
And while your, nose is drippin, and drainin blood
I be standing over you screamin, "Nigga, WHAT, WHAT?! Nigga WHAT?!"
Niggas feel my presence, like I'm right in they palm
Cause a stormy day is coming, when you see me so calm, it's on
No more twin glocks, they jam up my plays
Now its twin .40 calibre Walther PPK's
I'm in the control of my game, you must respect me like The Ref
Uh-huh, you disrespect *gun clicks* you get the tech
I turn you fake niggaz on and off, like I'm the clapper
I rob so many niggaz, they should call me Jack the Rapper

I'll the illest nigga doing this, dead or alive
Gloria Gaynor on you motherfuckers, I Will Survive
You can try to come at me, but do you want the kick back?
You snap inside the cage of a pit, and you get bit back, huh
 My war is so tight, my drama so ill
 Beef with me hangs around like a unpaid bill
 I push these lyrics through any MC, and make it burn
 So the niggaz who be rhyming next, will miss a turn
 When you speak of who's the dopest MC, I don't come up
But when you speak of who's the liveliest MC, I stay what up, what's up?
 I got stripes while you got strikes and bogus mikes
 Do what bitch niggaz do best *UTFO sample* bite
 You niggaz can't make up a law that I don't overrule, overthrow
 Prim' brought Bumpy these tracks so I can let you know
 Before I slide I'ma leave you this jewel
 Even mechanics walk around with they tools
 It's the Militia

Gang Starr Lyrics

"The Rep Grows Bigga"

You do your first bid and dirt to get your name known
You never talk too much to get your spot blown
Now you're no longer just a face in the crowd
You're gettin so much respect that niggaz might as well bow
And movin up with your hustle like you planned it
Rakin dough like the world's greatest bandit
Always got one eye open, for the stick-up kids postin
So much cream chumps they can't understand it
Ladies flock to your jock like it's golden
Curious, to test the weight you be holdin
but you ain't got no time, to be chasin felines
If she's the chick that you pick then she gets chosen
People treat you like you're ghetto royalty
And all your staff shows you utmost loyalty
You paid your dues, refuse to lose in this scenario
The rep grows bigga, you're a legend and a hero

Your fame has gotten larger than your life
You've got a harem of bitches and killer niggaz that's hype
They got your back, but you so fly you don't need em
You shit what you're eatin so you don't peep the proceedings
They start schemeing, feeling that you're too swollen
and that's the reason why your cash and stash gets stolen
You start perspiring, because you're paranoid
Still another confrontation that you couldn't avoid
Prepare for drama, as if you were a stunt man
Back in the days you was a forty and a blunt man
Today you're a Willie, now the weather's too chilly
New York City ain't the place to be frontin
Over your shoulders day and night's where you look
Your so-called fam ran a scam, and you got shook
Go back to square one, better go talk to your son
See reps grow bigga in the life of a crook

Years ago, we were new jacks to this scene
Showed some effort, made fat records, but still saw no green
Know what I mean? They tried to stifle us
Nigga you could not believe how really ill and trife it was
Fed up so we headed on a serious mission
Wishin, that we could better our position
Two businessmen, Guru and Prim', we enterprised
Too strong to be stepped on, creatively wise
The dedicated ministers of underground sound
When we're doin our thing, you know we don't fuck around
No matter how bizarre and different you think you are
your team wouldn't dream of competeing with GangStarr
Premier in the rear with the beats and cuts

And Guru with the mic ready to tear shit up
Take us out the game nigga? How you figure?
The name is well kept, and the rep just gets bigga

Gang Starr Lyrics

"What I'm Here 4"

"Tell the people what you're here for"

[Intro/Chorus: Guru]

It's the message in the song that makes you rock on
Some people go to places where they don't belong
Whether wrong or right, a lot of people fight
But I'm here to bless this mic, aight?

[Verse 1: Guru]

I take action the minute that the crowd gets hype
I'm type crashin, down like a meteorite
I'm Bogart-ing, mics and whole stages
Destroying MC's dreams, from words to whole pages
Their rapbooks, look more like scrapbooks
with their fictional fairytales and frail ass hooks
A lot of shit has happened, since I started rappin
There's been enough beef, and enough gat clappin
There's been mad signs, for this brother to heed
and while some choose greed, I choose to plant seeds
for your mental, spirit and physical temple
Bob your head to it, there's the water you've been lead to it
Bathe in it, a long time you've been cravin it
Prance to it, use your third eye and glance through it
Your state of being, becoming advanced through it
While others rhyme with no reason I be breezin
Their mics I seize them, then I try em for treason
I used to always like to hang out
Now I lounge in the rest writin bombs while tracks bang out
I know you peeped me in the club then
but now I'm in your speaker, with the voice that you're lovin

[Chorus]

[Verse 2: Guru]

Peace to the young ladies, who wanna bone me much
And peace to my nigga Premier, with the golden touch
I never fall off point, like DeNiro in Casino
Peace to Black Gambinos and all my peoples
dig the steelo -- I'm fightin wars you know
as in the Jihad, most humble, most merciful
That's because I be God, I trog through fogs, puffing logs
MC's muttering menial madness, they get mobbed
Scarred and barred, and then, banished from my fuckin kingdom
You got a fly one bring one, or else I come to fling some
exquisite exotic exciting type shit
Enough to make the real heads wake up and get hype quick
I'm type slick, known as the God Universal

Kick rhymes without rehearsal, I cross the burnin sands
Now I stand here with virtue, of course I could hurt you
 simply with my point of view, and I knew
 that many would come, that's why I've chosen
to cut off pathways, and there's no runways or doorways open
 for the jokers who ain't focused
And all the fake mercenaries get buried by the tongue of terrifying fury
 Nothing's blurry, fuck it I got no worries
 Hearts and minds, shine bright light with insight
Yeah sense my birthright to set up cyphers with power
 cause mad shit ain't right, like punks in the spotlight
 who can't freestyle, sometimes I make my peeps smile
 by sayin somethin crazy wild
 like some shit off my dome, that be soundin
 better than the next man's whole album..

Gang Starr Lyrics

"She Knowz What She Wantz"

This jam is dedicated
to that woman that knows what she wants
and just how to get it, word up

She knows what she wants [x2]
Yo, she knows what she wants
She knows what she wants and just how to get it

She knows what she wants
Yeah, she knows what she wants
She knows what she wants
She knows what she wants and just how to get it

She knows what she wants, she's bold so she flaunts
her hourglass jewels to mad clientele
Rejected oh well, she ain't goin to no hotel
Not the frantic freak type, but if you speak right
you get to take her out and dig her out on a weeknight
Weekends, she wants to spend your ends
Her shopping spree is colossal, attitude semi-hostile
Mack diva senorita, no reefer, no pizza, just
shrimp and lobsters, champagne and mobsters
Suckin up the cream like a vac to a carpet
Strictly black market now you're her next target
Watch out... cause yo she knows what she wants

She knows what she wants [x2]
Yo, she knows what she wants
She knows what she wants and just how to get it

Spotted her in the club, with her crew nearby
Her looks are a lullaby, to pass us by, she's too fly
Never gunshy, hair is blown dry
She craves a wiseguy to help her gain amplify
So when you say, "Yo baby," she ain't gotta say hi to ya
cause prior to this, he put rocks on her neck and wrist
plus a fat joint on her finger
You best to have a batch of scratch and treats to bring her
And if you happen to luck up and get in
You'll find yourself another jealous trick-ass boyfriend
And furthermore the mink she's donning is stunning
Blinding your senses Dunn, never put the two
before the one son...

"It's the lesson well learned"

"It's going down!"

[scratched] "It's the lesson well learned"

"It's going down!"

She knows what she wants [x2]

Yo, she knows what she wants

Yeah, she knows what she wants and just how to get it

Never fall victim to a chicken you was stickin

Even if you think the punanny might be finger-lickin

Never fall victim to a wicked woman's ways

"Why son?" She's trying to get paid, check it

One: She said she wanted to give me a son

Two: She said she didn't like my crew

Three: She never ever cooked for me

Four: She was my cheri amore -- YEAH RIGHT

It was all hype, I needed more insight

In retrospect, I know I slept from the first night

She did a split and that was it

Gave up my pimp license, and flipped my whole friggin script

But now I'm back like the Isley's moving wisely

Sizing up the situation, keeping honies waiting

Cause I got more to do, than to be sucked dry

This tough guy, will get by, while the chickens wonder why

I don't be callin cause it's like Ex to Next kid

I know what I want, and just how to get it

like her, no disrespect Miss

Gang Starr Lyrics

"New York Strait Talk"

"From New York straight talk, America's best" [x3]
[Apocalypse] "Yo I'm not new to this I'm true to this"

"Word up!"

"From New York straight talk... America's best"

[*Guru*]

Yo, it doesn't make sense, for you to compete against
this New York vibe that gets your whole body tense

Calm down, listen to a brother who knows

Cause the rappers out here come up with mad different types of flows

Switch-up, change-up, yo pull the range up

so we can build on this shit, for real that's how we came up

Used to ride the subway trains back and forth

Now I push an E-Class, four-two-zero of course

Still material gains, make one more aware

of all the madness and the civil unrest that's out here

I doubt there, is anyplace more complex

You can get lost in the sauce, New York'll have you vexed

Who's next to get served, herbs'll get knocked off

Burning flammable rappers, is how I get my rocks off

I pop your top off as if you were the bottle

then I'll drain all your fluid, you're better off playing lotto

Bright lights, big city and the dark alleyways

New York we get the money all day everyday

"From New York straight talk, America's best"

[Apocalypse] "Yo I'm not new to this I'm true to this"

"Word up!"

"From New York straight talk... America's best"

[*Guru*]

True if you can make it out here, you can make it anywhere

That means a lot of rappers, they should stay away from here

cause we still care, about the total artform

Niggaz could sell more records but they still can't flip a live forum

Plus everybody out here ain't talkin true shit either

Mad niggaz is fakin jacks, I don't like them neither

But the competition keeps me on point

that's why I lamp in the studio compositin fresh new joints

from the streets, Medina, Manhattan, Staten, P-Lawn

The struggle continues, everybody wants to be on

The rat race, makes this lifestyle fast paced

I've loved it since the days of fat shoelace

Screwface me all you want, but I'm used to it

I'll never give up rep in New York, I'm true to it

From forty-deuce to Queens, back to East New Yi

We takin no shorts, and plus we showin no pity

Bright lights, big city and the dark alleyways
New York, we get the money all day everyday

"From New York... straight talk..."

"Yo.. I'm.. not.. new.. to.. this"

"America's best" "Word up!"

"From New York straight talk, America's best"

[Apocalypse] "Yo I'm not new to this I'm true to this"

"Word up!"

"From New York straight talk... America's best"

[Guru]

You get bent up, sent up creek, without a paddle

You wanna battle? Well I live in New York

so think twice blink twice now your Roley and Lincoln's gone

Don't come into this rap game if you don't belong

You won't be on but for a minute anyway

You're just a scavenger, you don't live this life everyday

Rap is regional, so you can check the demographics

Everybody represent where they live, cause shit is drastic

confusion, while I'm givin rappers contusions

And people don't realize that real hip-hop is losing

They wanna shut us down, and I say, "Shut up clown!"

Cause New York is too corrupt and too tough to lay down

and just quit, cause MC's out here kick serious lyrics

And I come to you, with my infinite spirit

Not takin nothin from your hood or your set

But GangStarr could be a threat, in New York we rep

That's where it comes from, that's why you're feelin it

So why supress it, I'd rather be revealin it

Bright lights, big city and dark alleyways

New York we get the money all day everyday

"From New York straight talk... America's best"

Gang Starr Lyrics

"My Advice 2 You"

Yo yo Gu-rizzi, yo
Yo whassup son?
Yo man, youknowwhatImean? I need this money man
Get up out in these, in these streets man
Yo, so what's the deal God?
I'm sayin, what you need though?
Yo let me have like, two or three, three G's man
I'm sayin, I'm sayin son man
You know what happened last time though
I gotta do what I gotta do man, I gotta eat man
Whassup man? Oh your baby momma stressin you? ...

Way past the days of the deuce me and you stays a crew
Only a few percent knew what me and you went through
We've been sent to dominate, these corny come-lates
and set this crooked rap shit straight from Crenshaw to Castlegate
Like Pete and CL, I reminisce over days
from the streets of Boston to New York and all the ways
for certain niggaz to blow up, and crime paid
But my praise goes to the most high
Cause some nights I got so wild yo, I almost died
Some stuff I got into, really scarred my mental
Pops wasn't tryin to hear it, cause of what he been through
Still, like my nigga Havoc said, sometimes you gotta
hit your crew off, so they can make some bread
Cause no matter the weather, niggaz be needin cheddar
And things in this world are more fucked up than ever
So let's make this bond to keep this hip-hop strong
You a man Baby Pop you know right from wrong
So stay out of trouble, and that goes for me too
That's what we need to do, that's my advice to you...

You remember what happened last time, when you got knocked
Doin your thing, sewin shit up on the block
You need to stop, fore you get caught again
or you get shot and I lose another friend

"Any man with the plan is precise with his life"

"Think twice"

My advice to you, cut down on champagne and booze
For a nigga like me, most time that shit's bad news
It's like lightin a fuse whether it's sneakers or shoes
cause somebody always wanna step up to start a feud
It's like Set-tin It Off but not the movie
Plus let's get some real women forget floozies and the groupies

Cause they spell mad problems from Watts to Harlem
And the bullshit won't stop long as the world's revolvin
 And I recall when niggaz knew my pops had clout
But they didn't know my sorry ass was gettin kicked out
And they was seein if I wanted to come bubble with them
 And make my ends triple and double with them
And get in trouble with them, now memories of them
 I wear em in my heart like a emblem
I doubt we'd ever be bigtime sellin dope coke or dust
It's killin us, let's take our people and make a exodus
 Annihilation, inhalation through the lungs
 or extermination, by the use of dirty guns
Triple beam dreams and drug schemes of mad cream
could be a sad scene when you go to that extreme

"Any man with the plan is precise with his life"

"Think twice"

"My advice is to you..."

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Make 'Em Pay"

(feat. Krumb Snatcha)

[*Guru*]

First and foremost, some rappers are sweet like fructose
When I cock back these lyrics, y'all punks best be ghost
I be the seven twenty-one, eighteen twenty-one
The illest one, I'm almost doper than anyone
Straight out the late nights of Bed-Stuy
Steppin up, y'all put your weapons up, I make heads fly
You're artificial like saccarin
You're crazy fake, it's more than skills you be lackin in
Concepts you bite, cause your identity ain't tight
Tryin to be somethin you're not, like pullin a knife at a gunfight
I'm troopin on night air like flight number 106
and gettin all up in your fuckin mix
You get me upset, and I got you uptight
cause my committee's in your city tonight, AIGHT?
We got seventeen million of us plus, two million Indians
That makes 19 mil, lightin shit up like Wild Bill
I be the, supreme father plus the ill kid with drama
My karma, creates the teflon to pierce your body armor
And make sure you check the shit before you walk to me, or talk to me
Steppin to me improperly, you just may catch the weaponry
My specialty is tearin tracks out the frame
You know my fuckin name, I rule all game
I'm universal on all planes, what's your claim?

[*Guru*]

Yo, I be your highness, in slickness, you chumps bear witness
Tremendous tropper, verbal nigga with he fitness
Drop you for your spot with the blazer then I blast ya
Slice precise like ?fenny hanas? when I come to bring the dramas
Styles so swift, that you can't peep the God
as your lyrics get buried, six feet deep in my backyard
I laugh hard, while your mental I run through mazes
Dark stages of terror to shatter your dressing room mirror
Your whole error gets crushed, your whole show gets bumrushed
Too many dumb punks, want to enter this rap scene
Kickin Willie Bobo, but need to be slapped clean
into oblivion, the true champion always rises
I bring surprises to the chief plus their advisers
Size me up, and you will find nothing's larger
Catch more wreck on your dome, than a deranged fuckin barber
So what you made some dough, you best keep on scramblin
All your vanity, is instantly crushed, when I start handlin
Demandin that you pay, for your weak rhyme display
Coast to coast, I break the fakes everyday

[Krumb Snatcha]

I see myself as the black Rap Messiah
Colossal spreadin my gospel through electrical wires
Spit fire through speech, so I can reach each and every
 Tom Dick and Jerry slippin like petroleum jelly
 Too busy in the limelight, can't rhyme tight
 I got divine right to bring y'all to light
 Somethin ain't right, to be an MC, you gotta thug
 Or to thug you gotta be an MC, this shit is bugged
 Show love but few; deal with crew and crew only
 And think universal like Sony
 Phony pounds and fake hugs is usually avoided
 Give a fuck like Pizza Hut I got to stay Noyd-ed
Cause that same nigga you trust, could be that same cat
 behind that gat that bust, quiet ya, with the silencer
 Keep it hush, ashes to dust, then dust to ashes
Nowadays it's who pull out the fastest, imagine this
 rap shit without this gat shit, or the phony cat
 in black talkin bout how much his Mac spit
 But this year, GangStarr got changes bein made
 No wack shit bein played no fake macks gettin paid
 No Versace MC's, with a mouth full of Mo'
 Soundin like a hoe spittin that old-fashioned show flow
 I bombshell that pastel Chanel rap through a Maxwell
 Ever since young Krumb, was taught to rap well
 Goin deep, process of thought, when my eyes closes
 Awaken with interpretive robe and sandals like Moses
 Travellin high sands and Eastern lands for the answers
 Ignorance is spreadin through the streets like it was cancer
 Too many drinkin not thinkin, when behind that trigger
 A 38 escalate the murder rate, for us niggaz
 it's like, microphone roulette cause nowadays MC's is gettin wet
 over someone else's fake gangsta rep

Gang Starr Lyrics

"The Mall"

(feat. G-Dep, Shiggy Sha)

[Intro/Chorus: x2]

Make money money - GO SHOPPIN!
Take money money - GO SHOPPIN!
No matter what the weather, winter spring or fall
We'll be doin it... "at the mall"

[G-Dep]

Yo what the deal cousin, gave him a pound now we huggin
in the mall thuggin, buggin, spent a few hundred
Shorties must be lovin, shit, jigg to my Wallow's
They watch like Movado so I floss like I'm lotto
You ain't loungin, til you've been countin by the thousands
Profilin, pushin more weight than your medallion
We be wildin, lockin blocks down just like the Island
Dough pilin, we keeps it in the family like Italians
Ballin, cop some Charles Jordan and some icebergs
Ice herbs, nice curves, girlfriend with the white fur
Pushed up, feel her like some shots of Tequila
Said her man's a dealer, with all these bags from Antilla
He got to be, but you hot to me, you under lock and key?
Laid it down properly, this cat at Stern's watchin me
Moved on me sloppily, prepare for the fallout
with gats to blow the wall out, clear the mall out

[Chorus]

[Shiggy Sha]

Yo, don't be mad at me, I used to be
King Raggedy, fiends naggin me, shit I had to breathe
Gradually, rocked casually, Sha passed the leave
Vaseline slick shit, green stick shit
Honey got some mean lipstick, my knot's this thick
And I cop the meanest shit, still ride DISCUS
but cops frisk us, the block whispers
Theft need to stop, how we cop
but you can Guess like them jeans you rock
For now I'm rollin right, cause I had four faces
fightin four cases in North Face of Dolemite
So if he's here I ace the toners out my holdin tight
Shorty lookin innocent there, in Benetton gear
Nuttin innocent here, this ?henneson gear?
Give us a year, to really see clear, through these Cartiers
And do it party yea is what I'll probably hear
Sharkskin is what I'll probably wear, designed by Pierre, trust me
And look lovely with it
Cop a 4.2 and get ugly with it, snugly fitted, ruggedly hittin

Fitted in my Coogi knitted, compliments on the doobie did it
Got the movie rented if the crew be with it yo

[Chorus 1/2]

[Guru]

Most times I'm casual, but easily I switch
to some fly shit, like some silk suits by Paul Smith
And purchase some kicks by Kenneth Cole
Cop a Hilfiger, or Polo goose, for when it's cold
Armani, and Gaultier specs cover my eyes
The definition of jiggy so you best to recognize
At the mall, I'm baggin up, much more than gear
Victoria, be whisperin mad Secrets in my ear
She wanted me to knock her in the back of Foot Locker
I chuckled as she kicked more game than soccer
Others try to copy, I see em when they mock me
Baseball cap bent, the fresh scent is Issey Miyake
All the way from Green Acre's to the Beverly Center
heads turn, and I'm the main concern when I enter
At Albee Square, niggaz wouldn't even dare
with that fake thuggish ruggish when them Brooklyn kids be in there
Saw ?newriqi L? and then a sweet for my girl
Stylin, on the cell phone smilin, it's my world
Can't forget the Avorex, pocket for the royalty checks
My crew be showin loyalty, plus utmost respect
Yo son, go pioneer them bimbos, while I get some Timbo's
Later on that night you'll find them nymphos
That's how it goes cause mad heads be in the mall
Let's breeze, we got a show, plus I got another phone call

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Betrayal"

(feat. Scarface)

[Intro: phone conversation]

Yo what up son?

-Yo what up kid?

Yo, you holdin your head up?

-I'm tryin to man, but the system is shady

Word man they always man, they always tryin

to keep a good brother down, but I'm sayin

We still, you know we got love for you son
and we prayin for you and we, you know

we tryin to hold it down wh

you know while you in there man

-No question

Hopefully they won't keep you in there for too long

-Yeah, for real, I sure love be out in a minute, you know?

-But you know what I want you to kid? You know what would

-be the bomb man?

What's that?

-You need to do some shit with Face man

-Bomb on niggaz, be shady man

Scarface?

-Yeah man

Yo that's my nigga, yaknowwhalmean

-Scarface is tight son

Yo that's a good idea word is bond

I'm gonna talk the play in tomorrow (yeah) and

see about if we could hook up wit him

-That's proper

[Hook: Guru]

Scandalous, money greed and lust

In this trife life, there ain't nobody you can trust

Plus there's no justice, it's just us

In fact, watchin' yo back it be must

And each and everyday around the way gats bust

And jealous so-called friends'll try to set you up

It's called betrayal

[Verse 1: Guru]

Check the horror scene

The kid was like twelve or thirteen

Never had the chance like other kids to follow dreams

Watched his father catch two in the dome and to the spleen

Nothin" but blood everywhere, these streets are mean

They spared his life, but killed his moms and his sister Jean

Of course over some drug shit

Hi spops was on some ill-out, spill your guts, on some thug shit

Didn't know his boys was on some shady ass no love shit
His pops got played out though, with silencers they laid him out yo
Took his stash and all the cash and left 'em, tied up on the couch yo
With tape over his mouth, so he couldn't cry out
cause his dad was the nigga with clout
Survival of the fittest so they split his wig no doubt
Despite the stocking caps he noticed the same cat, who used to give him doe
and taught him, to use the same gat
Supposed to be an Uncle,fam and all that
He could tell it was him 'cause he wore the same slacks, he wore when
he took him to Meadowlands racetrack
Why did he flip and go out like that?
It's called betrayal

[Hook]

[Verse 2: Scarface]
A Betrayal
Punk ass niggas
It's called betrayal

He on a mission to become a ball player
Flip big Benz's, flossin all gators
Had it all mapped out,6-8,12th grader
Fresh outta school, he fin' to go lay paper
He had abrother who was hustlin collectin his change
Never let his baby brother stick his neck in the game
Told him all he had to do is just enjoy the ride
And he ain't have to worry about money cause that's in time
So now he's pacin as the time moves slowly
Can't wait to face Shaquille in the paint and school Kobe
Kept his grades and stayed up under naighborhood functions
And then a group of knuckleheads came through dumpin
So now he's sittin on the sidewalk bleedin
Fell into a puddle of his own blood and stopped breathin
And everybody in the neighborhood still grievin
But destiny caught up with his ass and he got even
And all the cryin in the world ain't goin to bring him back
his brother, sittin at the wake wipin tears from his mother's eyes
Why'd the game have to go and take the young boys life
Only the wicked live shife, payin the price
while he's starin at the shell
his brothers soul wants hell the trigger man made bail
and you, wouldn't pay the boys mail, and sacrificed the fuckin family
That's betrayal
Betrayal *[echoes]*

[Hook]

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Next Time"

[Intro: Guru]

Word is bond, these cats been on the mic fantasizing a LOT
So called MC's, wannabe rappers and all that, whatever
You get your knot rocked kid, yo

[Chorus: Guru]

You thought you brought your best lines, but they couldn't touch mine
I rocked you in your knot hope you have better luck next time
[x2]

[Verse 1: Guru]

So just perhaps, you wanna challenge my style of rap
Talkin bout you bust caps, we know that's just a pile of crap
The underground is where I dwell at
It's where I find my heaven, and where you find your hell at
You're in my clutches now, you get slit up and lit up
just like some Dutches now, see I'm hard to define
My mind travels far, from ghettos to galaxies
representin GangStarr -- The street life
The reason why my mic ignites, I bring more ruckus
than a nightclub fight, or bar brawl
I'm swingin lyrics like broken glass palm to skull y'all
Hold your head, cause all that weak shit is dead
See the times are changin, and me and my peeps is gettin crazy fed
So remember when you writing your rhymes
Stop fantasizing, and bring some real shit next time
Yeah, bring some real shit, yo

[Chorus]

[Verse 2: Guru]

Yo, I do what I have to do to master you and capture you
Until you recognize, what my rapture can do
You thought I wouldn't step up, to keep my rep up
I ain't them other kids, I don't need to play no catchup
I got too much pride for this, I know some niggaz
that'll ride for this, with me it's do or die for this
Street knowledge, intellect and spirituality
My survival package, as I deal with reality
I'm like Fishburne in Hoodlum when I come to do em
Chew em up, spit em out, the most respected no doubt
You seen me in action so act you been knowin
The G-U-R-U, of the Gang, I've been flowing
just like the river Niger all the way to the Hudson
Had so many lyrics stashed, and I couldn't wait to bust some
Lately, I've watched this game evolve and elevate
So now I push my music like drug dealers push weight

Straight like that, straight out the gate
Cause it's never too late, to set this fuckin record straight
But it is too late, for you and your crew son
You had the audacity to come against me, the gifted one?
And Primo with the tracks, to inspire my next line
You've got no wins here, so better luck next time

[Chorus: cut short in 2nd repeat at "I rocked you in your knot..."]

Yeah yeah
Better luck next time
[LL Cool J] ("Not this time but next time")

Gang Starr Lyrics

"In Memory Of..."

I'm not sure about any of these names

Mami Mary, Mary Coleman that is
I love you, rest in peace
You still here though
Word up
This goes out to you
Mary Parker, Loretta Randall
Grandfather Bill
Runy Manuel, Robert N'Blangio
Uncle C, Alicia Elon
Giovanni

[Guru]

To my man G.O.V., I remember how you used to be
You were the illest man alive now I'm reading your eulogy
Eyes so serious, you told me hold my head
Pursue this rap shit and go forward never backwards
While you gripped Tec's tight, and ran niggaz out of town
I ripped up mics, showin wack niggaz how to sound
Still your essence, was callin
By two gunshots, at close range, your frame had fallen
Now like a angel you've risen
And you will stay in my heart, and yo I wish you were still livin
Word... this is in memory of

I'm not sure about any of these names

Zachary Bro, Cousin Paula
Harry O-Fives [*Biggie Smalls*] "Rest in peace"
Yeah, Sam-O, 183rd
Joshua Faust "Rest in peace"
Brian Brown y'all, yeah

[Guru]

To my man Brian B, I remember how you used to be
You were the flyest in the club with three bitches doin rub-a-dub
You was the pimp of all panderers
GQ, Johnny Presley, fuckin up the elegances
So many hookers on your schedule
Slammin Cadillac doors and mackin whores on the regular
You used to boost, the slickest of suits
Climbin through the back windows on the bus, you was ill Dukes
Until that chick you vicked, for the Cutlass
started snillz-niffin ki-daine, and went to cut cha
That freak shanked you six times in your sleep
I wish you was here, cause your philosophy was mad deep

Yeah... this is in memory of

Keith 'Cowboy', Scott LaRock
Prince Messiah "Rest in peace"
Buffy, the Human Beatbox y'know
Tupac Shakur "Rest in peace"
Pinkhouse, Sub Roc
O.G. Boo Bang, salute! "Rest in peace"
Seagram's, Killa Black from Mobb Deep
Biggie Smalls, yeah rest in peace
Lance Owens y'all

[Guru]

To all my brothers doin time, whether or not you did the crime
You know the system is devised to keep you deaf dumb and blind
Like Scarface said, them cats are smart
In order for things to change we must all play a part
It's easy for us to blame society
But now it's way too late, and we must take responsibility
To all my brothers in the streets
I know you feel you gotta hustle cause your peeps gotta eat
Makin moves right and exact; don't wanna see you layin flat
Don't wanna see ya catch a bullet black
If we don't build we'll be destroyed
That's the challenge we face in this race of poor and unemployed
Freud, a philosopher, but I'm a realist
So philosophize this, without love we won't exist
To those who passed out there, in the deserts and the jungles
with pain on their shoulders, and heavy bundles
I pray each one will, ascend to new heights and new enlightenment
And this is why I'm writin it
Yeah... this is in memory of

I'm not sure about all of these names
Linnet Grinnich, Cookie Murray
Yeah "Rest in peace"
Ross, Laverne La-La Eyelif
John Hood "Rest in peace"
Kevin Fredricks, Donny Charles
Leslie Clark, and Will Clark "Rest in peace"
Tommy Saunders, Princess Di
Don Clark, Betty Shabazz "Rest in peace"
This is in memory of...
"Rest in peace"